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tice, and to prove that these "stage directions" may be sometimes interesting.

Without discussing the matter further at present, I think it but justice to M. Kind to say, that I have translated the following scene as literally as possible; and if his description of the progress of the storm, &c. shall be found interesting to your readers, (putting the improbability—or absurdity if you will—of the whole thing out of the question,) the merit is entirely his own.

At the same time, there is little doubt that the Cauldron scene of the witches in Macbeth, has suggested to the German the idea of his receipt for making magic bullets; and the meeting of Max and Caspar in the enchanted circle, will perhaps remind the reader of the interview between Dirk Hatteraick and Gilbert Glossin in the cave of Derncleugh.

Before I dismiss Zamiel from my presence, to be treated as his merits may appear to you to require, I must mention that the representative of that celebrated character at one of the German theatres, being a very tall, handsome man, with a fine bass voice, was so annoyed by the curiosity and public applause bestowed on him by all the little urchins in the streets, after he had appeared in Zamiel, that he stipulated with the management of the theatre for an increase of salary, as, if the event of its being denied him, he peremptorily refused to play the Black Yäger any longer. Mr. Zamiel being a personage of the first importance on the German stage, and the management despairing of being able adequately to replace his representative, from the remainder of their Corps Dramatique, (which if they had attempted, by the bye, the gallery would probably have pulled the house about their ears, the Zamiel being such a favorite,) were obliged to comply with the actor's demand. I have often seen him riding about the streets of — on a little poney, whose tiny figure formed a ludicrous contrast to the gigantic stature of his "swarthy rider." R.

DER FREISCHÜTZ.

THE INCANTATION SCENE.

[A frightful glen, for the greater part overgrown with dark underwood, and surrounded on all sides by lofty mountains, from one of which dashes a waterfall. The full moon appears pale: two storms raging from opposite directions. In the foreground a withered tree, shattered by lightning, the trunk of which is decayed, so that it appears illuminated. On the other side, sitting on the knotted branch of a tree, a large owl with fiery eyes in continual motion; on other trees, crows and other birds of the wood.]

Caspar—Without hat or jacket, but with hunting pouch and dirk, is busied in disposing some large black stones in a circle, in the middle of which lies a skull; some steps from it, the eagle's wing which he had cut off; a casting-ladle and bullet-mould.

[Voices of invisible spirits from various directions—sing—

Milk of the moon the herb bedew'd—
Uhui!
Spider's web is wet with blood—
Uhui!
Yet ere evening shadows glide—
Uhui!
Dead is she, the tender bride!
Uhui!
Yet ere night enclouds the skies,
The blood-stained victim breathless lies.
Uhui! Uhui! Uhui!

[The distant clock strikes twelve; the circle of stones is completed. At the twelfth stroke of the bell, Caspar draws his hunting-dirk with violence, and strikes it into the skull.—presently after, Zamiel.]

Caspar raises the skull on the point of the dirk, and exclaims—

Zamiel! Zamiel! appear!
By the skull of a sorcerer!
Zamiel! Zamiel! appear!

[He returns the sword and skull to the middle of the circle; subterranean noise; a rock splits; Zamiel is visible in the cleft; Caspar prostrates himself before him.]

Zamiel—For what am I required?

Caspar—[creeping]—Thou know'st my term of freedom is expired

Zamiel—To-morrow!

Caspar—Put off once more my sufferings.

Zamiel—No!

Caspar—I'll bring thee yet new offerings.

Zamiel—Whom?

Caspar—My own companion of the chase is near,

Who in thy realm did never yet appear.

Zamiel—What's his demand?

Caspar—Charm'd bullets, now his only hope of joy.

Zamiel—Six hit the mark, the seventh shall destroy!

Caspar—The seventh be thine;

From his gun direct it to his bride,

Despair will then his trembling frame be-

stride

Him and the fair—

Zamiel—In her I have no share!

Caspar—[apprehensively]—Will he alone suffice?

Zamiel—Let him then be the price!

Caspar—For three years longer is the term renew'd?
Bought by his soul, and purchased with his blood?

Zamiel—So let it be!

By the gates of hell,

To-morrow—thou or he!

[Hollow thunder, repeated by the echo; Zamiel rushes: the skull and dirk have also disappeared, and in their place appears a small grate with live coals; near it a few small faggots. Caspar rises and dries the perspiration from his forehead.]

Caspar—[perceiving the coals]—Bravely served! [takes a draught from his hunting-flask.] Thy benediction on it, Zamiel! Faith he has made me warm; but where tarrys Max? will he break his word? Zamiel, help!

[He moves about in the circle, not without alarm: the coals threaten to become extinguished; he kneels down, places faggots on the fire, and hovers on them: the owl and the other birds clap their wings at the same time, as if to fan the fire; it blazes and crackles.]

Max—[appearing on the pinnacle of a rock opposite to the waterfall, and looking down into the glen beneath;]

Ha! frightful seems
The dark abyss: O dreadful dell!
The eyesight deems
To penetrate the depths of hell!
See! how the cloudy monsters fly,
The moon no longer darts her beams;
And misty figures tread the sky,—
The rock even animated seems.
And hark!—hush! hush!
The birds of night desert the bush;
The red-grey, knotted boughs extend
To me their giant arms;
Though fear my heart disarms,
I must with fate contend!

[He descends a few steps down the rocky path.]

Caspar—[raises himself up, and perceives Max]—
Thanks, Zamiel! the term is won. [to Max.] Art here at last, comrade? was that friendly, though to leave me alone? Seest thou not how hard I am at work?—
[raises the eagle's wing with which he has been fanning the fire towards Max, as he speaks.]

Max—[staring at the wing, with his hand before his face.]

I shot that eagle to'ring in the air—
I cannot now return, my fate lies there!

[Stops again, and continues gazing steadfastly at the opposite rocks.]

Woe is me!

Caspar—Come down then, time is short.

Max—I cannot.

Caspar—Chicken-heart! at another time you can climb like a squirrel.

Max—See yonder, see!

[Points to a rock which is still illuminated by the moon-light, where a female figure in white apparel, appears raising her hands.]

What there appears,
Is my mother in tears;
So lay she on her bier—so calls she in the grave;
She implores me with prophetic eye—
She beckons me to fly.

Caspar—[aside]—Help, Zamiel! [aloud.] Oh! such folly! ho! hah! look then again, and discover the consequence of your cowardly madness.

[The veiled figure has vanished; the form of Agatha appears, with hair dishevelled, strangely dressed out with straw and leaves; she is made to resemble a frantic creature, and appears on the point of precipitating herself into the waterfall.]

Max—Agatha! she springs into the stream! Down, down, I must.

[The figure has disappeared; Max climbs completely down; the moon begins to darken.]

Caspar—[aside, musingly.]—So I should think!

Max—[with violence to Caspar.]—Here am I, what have I to do?

Caspar—[throws him the hunting flask, which Max puts aside.]—First drink; the night air is cool and damp. Wilt thou cast the balls?

Max—No; that is contrary to our agreement.

Caspar—Take courage. Step into the circle, it is a wall of brass against the power of spirits, even from the firmament down to the earth's deepest abyss. Whatever thou mayest now hear and see, keep thou quiet;

[with secret dread,] should now, perhaps, an unknown personage come to help us, nay, were it even a swarthy rider, on a coal-black steed with nostrils breathing fire, what needest thou care? Should other things appear, what matter? the smart man sees them not.

Max—[entering the circle.]—Oh! how is this to end? Caspar—In vain is death! Not without resistance will the secret powers of nature reveal their treasures to the eyes of mortals; only when thou remark'st that I, too, tremble, then come to my assistance, and call out whatever thou shalt hear me call—else we are lost! [Max makes an action, signifying reproach.] Be still! the moments now are precious; [the moon is now obscured, with the exception of a narrow streak; Caspar takes the casting-ladle.] Now observe; in order that thou mayest learn the art—[he takes the ingredients out of his hunting-pouch, and throws them into the ladle one after another.] Here, first is lead! A little broken glass from the shattered windows of a cathedral! That's good. Some quicksilver! Three bullets that have already hit the mark! The right eye of a Hoopoe! The left one of a Lynx! *Probatum est!* and now to charm the bullets—[bends his head to the ground three times, with a pause between each.]

Huntsman of the forest dark!
Zamiel, hear me! Zamiel, hark!
Grant thy potent aid to-night,
Till the magic work be right!
Be thy blessing on the lead,
Three times seven, and nine times said!
That the bullets may have power,
Zamiel, help! It is thine hour.

[The matter in the casting-ladle begins to hiss and to ferment, and emits a greenish-white kind of light; a cloud runs over the streak of the moon, so that the surrounding country remains illuminated only by the light from the grate, the eyes of the owl, and the rotten wood of the withered tree. Caspar begins to cast, let's the bullet fall out of the mould, and calls out *ONK!* The echo repeats "ONK!" Birds of the wood come down and sent themselves round the circle, hop and flutter about. Caspar counts two! The echo repeats it. A black bear rushes through the leaves, and runs snorting over the stage. Caspar starts and counts three! Echo as above. A storm begins to rage; breaks the tops of the trees, and drives sparks from the fire. Caspar apprehensively counts four! Echo as above. A rattling and clanking noise, with cracking of whips and tramping of horses is heard. Four flaming wheels thronging out sparks of fire roll across the stage, but so rapidly as to render it impossible to observe their exact make, or that of the carriage which they bear. Caspar with increasing apprehension counts five! The echo repeats it. A baying of dogs, and neighing of horses in the air; clouds representing the figures of huntsmen on foot and on horseback, with stags and dogs, roll across the sky.]

Caspar—[exclaims]—Woe is me! The wild chase!

FRIGHTFUL CHORUS.

Away! away! through forests fell,
O'er field and mountain, ditch and dell,
Through clouds and lightning, storm and spray,
Through fire, earth, air, and sea—away!

Caspar—Six! Woe is me! Echo: "Six! Woe is me!"

[The whole sky is blackened; the two storms which have hitherto been combatting one another, strike together and discharge themselves in frightful thunder and lightning. A shower of hail-stones. Dark-blue flames strike out of the earth; will-o'-wispers show themselves on the hills; trees are torn up, cracking by the roots; the waterfall foams and rages; large fragments of rock tumble from the precipices; tremendous fury of the elements on all sides; the earth seems to totter! Caspar convulsively screams: Zamiel! Zamiel! Zamiel! Help! SEVEN! Zamiel! Echo repeats: "SEVEN! Zamiel!" Caspar is dashed to the earth; Max likewise driven to and fro, by the storm, springs out of the circle, seizes a branch of the withered tree, and screams: Zamiel! In the same instant, the storm begins to subside; on the spot where the withered tree was, stands the black Yäger, grasping Max's hand.]

Zamiel—[with tremendous voice.]—Here am I!
[Max makes the sign of the cross and falls to the ground. The clock strikes one. Sudden calm. Zamiel has vanished. Caspar still lies with his face upon the ground; Max raises himself up with convulsive action.]

CURTAIN FALLS.

R.

NOTES FROM THE LOG BOOK OF A RAMBLER.

I was not long a resident in Göttingen ere I became considerably enamoured of many of the Burschen institutions. I had already begun to think that students were a very superior order of people, that duelling was an agreeable after dinner amusement, and that nothing could be more becoming or appropriate than a black frock braided, and fur collar thereto, even in the month of July. Having made this avowal, you will, perhaps, readily

believe that I was soon a favourite among my fellow students; and a circumstance which at the time added not a little to their good will and applause, was the fact of my translating the English song of "The King God bless him," into German verse, for a dinner to celebrate the anniversary of Waterloo.

My life now, although somewhat monotonous, was by no means an uninteresting or tiresome one. The mornings were usually occupied at lectures, and then I dined, as did all the students, at one, after which we generally adjourned in parties to one another's lodgings, where we drank coffee and smoked till about three; after which we again heard lectures, till we met together at Blumenbach's in the Botanical Gardens in the evening, when we listened to the venerable professor explaining the mysteries of calyx and corolla to some half dozen young ladies, by far the most attentive of his pupils. The evening was then usually concluded by a drive to Geismar, or some other little village five or six miles from Göttingen, when having supped on sour milk thickened with brown bread and brown sugar, (a beverage which, notwithstanding my Burschen prejudices, I must confess neither 'cheers nor inebriates,') we returned home about eleven; and although I wished much that University restrictions had not forbade our having a Theatre in the town, and also that professors' minds were relieved from their dread of the students misbehaving, and would have permitted them to associate with their daughters, (for I was as completely secluded from the society of ladies as ever St. Kevin was,) yet was I happy and content withal.

Such was the even tenor of my way, when the news reached us that a rebellion had broken out among the students of Heidelberg, in consequence, as it was said, of some act of oppression on the part of the professors: nothing could exceed the interest excited in Göttingen when this information arrived; there was but one subject of conversation, lecture rooms were deserted, the streets were crowded with groups of students conversing in conclave on the one subject of paramount interest, and at last it was unanimously resolved to show the Heidelbergers our high sense of their praiseworthy firmness, by inviting them to Göttingen, when news arrived that they had already put the university of Heidelberg in *verschiess* (in coventry,) and were actually at that moment on their way to us. Ere proceeding farther, however, it is necessary you should know how matters stood among the Heidelbergians, and for this purpose I cannot do better than give the notes of a brother rambler, who was at that time studying there; and who was well qualified from his knowledge of their language and habits to enter into the full spirit of their adventure; after many apologies for the utter illegibility of his manuscript, part of which was composed "*patula sub tegmine fagi*," he thus proceeds:

In giving you an account of the "revolt" of the students of Heidelberg, which befel in 1828, it is not my intention to preface it by detailing the peculiarities which render the German student so remarkable, although such an introduction would be absolutely necessary to the understanding what is to follow, were I not writing to one who, like myself, has witnessed all their wild eccentricities, and the recklessness of consequences which they show when their *esprit-de-corps* is fairly called into action;

some of the most pleasing of both our recollections refer to the periods when we were pursuing our studies at a German University, where, though we saw much to blame, there was also much to admire; for in my opinion even the most offensive traits in the characters of our former fellow-students, can be fairly referred to a distortion of the best feelings of the human mind: their contempt of politesse, verging to brutality, is but an effect of their exaggerated notions of freedom, an attempt as it were to value their friend by his intrinsic qualities as a man, casting aside the consideration of any adventitious ornament he may derive from a knowledge of the world, or conforming with the rules, or as they would say, the shackles of polished society. Liberty is the object of their adoration, worshipping it from feeling, not principle, they debase their deity to an idol; but why should I debate on their character to one who knows them so well, and values them so justly; their faults and their follies should not be harshly dealt with by us, who can never find truer friends or warmer hearts, than we have met amongst the rude Burschen of Göttingen, Heidelberg, and Jena.

In the early part of the present summer (1828) an institution was opened in Heidelberg, uniting the properties of a club-house, a reading-room, a casino, and a tavern: the part affording food for the mind, being reserved for the subscribers, while the department ministering to the body, was open to all whose outward man went bail for the discharge of the bill; billiard, coffee, and card-rooms, however, were also set apart for the subscribers; and balls were given occasionally, tickets being issued to subscribers only. The subscribers to this institution were divided into two classes, one having votes in the management, the others having no other duty to perform, than to pay their money and submit to the rules and regulations imposed by their more privileged brethren, who were styled acting members; but none were eligible to be acting members, except those who resided in Heidelberg, or within four miles of it; and thus the students were completely excluded from the management; that this was a wholesome regulation, cannot be denied; but it is not to be wondered at, that the students, under those circumstances, resolved to decline becoming subscribers: the next step they took was not so justifiable; it being resolved at the various student's clubs, that any of their body subscribing to the museum, should have the full measure of their heaviest wrath poured out upon him, by being put under the awful ban of the *verschiess*, the nature of which I need not explain to you.

The heads of the University, being informed of these steps on the part of the students which militated so seriously against the infant museum, resolved to subject the most refractory to university discipline, and taking advantage of their belonging to the students societies, which is contrary to college rule, they caused seven of the presidents of those societies, to be arrested at night by the University Police, and incarcerated in the University prison; the news of this flew like wild fire through Heidelberg, the most influential among the students met together, and before morning their plans were matured: how they were executed, I have now to tell you.

I had returned from a trip to Frankfurt, at a late hour on the same night, on which such active measures had been taken by the

respective high contending parties, and being considerably fatigued by a ride of ten German miles (for to vary my route, I had preferred the road along the Rhine by Wiesbaden, Mayence, Worms and Mannheim to the more direct one by Darmstadt and Weinheim, along the magnificent Bergstrasse, so much celebrated by the lovers of the picturesque,) I had retired immediately to my lodgings, anticipating the delights of being disengaged from my ponderous jack boots, and strongly adhesive leather pantaloons, and consequently did not pay my accustomed visit to the Lustgarten, where the society to which I belonged assembled; I thus remained ignorant of the important crisis which was at hand, and was not a little astonished at being awoken next morning before six, by a stormy irruption of some score of students who burst into my chamber, shouting out *auf Bruder auf*, and before I was able to receive an answer to my hurried enquiries, the cause of the tumult was explained by my hearing numerous voices shouting under my window, *die Burschen sind aus*, words whose all absorbing import I need not explain to you; this to a student's ear was enough, I dressed myself as quickly as possible, amidst a tumult which I shall not attempt to describe, and seizing my schlager, was hurried away by my excited companions to the great square in front of the University; in passing along we were joined by several, all hurrying to the general Sammlungsplatz, some shouting the ominous watch-word *die Burschen sind aus*, others singing Snotche of Schiller's *ein freyes Leben führen wir—Am Rhein*, and other songs, well known to all who have frequented a student's *weinschuss*; by this time several of the towns-people had been awakened; on casting an eye upwards, many a fair face half shrouded in snowy white night cap, might be seen casting an inquiring, it may be a wistful glance, if some favoured individual was there, on the growing tumult below: who can tell what fondly cherished plans and day dreams were blighted by the wild work of that one morning? I could relate some tales of intimacies fast ripening to attachment, of attachments even already formed, the actors in which but the evening before had little dreamt of so speedy a separation, but to whom this hurried glance might be the last they would ever interchange; many of the trades people were standing at their shop doors with anxious and alarmed faces, which the circumstances certainly fully justified, their welfare indeed, almost their existence, depending on the students remaining in Heidelberg, and they well knew that the scene I am attempting to describe, was the precursor of a general desertion, or perhaps of some act of violence; the last disturbance which had occurred some years before, when several houses had been almost razed to the ground, recurred to their memories, and the total want of any force to repel an outrage of the kind, (for no military are tolerated by the students in an University town) rendered the aspect of affairs somewhat gloomy; proceeding thus, we speedily reached the grand rallying point where we found between six and seven hundred students collected, in front of the University prison, where the students who had been arrested the foregoing night were confined: just as I arrived, a rush was made simultaneously by all those more immediately near the building, the door was forced with some difficulty, and the

captives were liberated amidst the deafening shouts of their excited brethren; after a brief pause, the entire body acting as from one impulse, proceeded toward the western gate of the town; this movement had been previously arranged by those who had organized the entire proceeding, and who were but very few in number, but yet amongst the overwhelming majority present, who had no previous accurate knowledge of the line of proceedings to be adopted, not one dissentient voice was heard.

I had now full time to survey the extraordinary assembly amongst which I found myself; a student's appearance and costume I need not describe, such amongst them as had been aware of the resolution to leave the town, came prepared for that dernier resort, having their knapsack on their back, wearing for the most part the pluse, the tabackbeutel suspended at one side, at the other counterbalanced by a flask of schnaps or kirschenwasser; while the pipe, that fidus Achates, projected from its appropriate receptacle in the breast. Of those who were quite unprovided with money or other requisites for travelling, which to us would appear indispensable, but few went to their lodgings to procure them; in the great common cause in which they were embarked, a community of property was implied; and this mutual accommodation was afforded, and what perhaps argues still more, accepted, with a liberality and good feeling which might be, perhaps, sought for in vain amongst many who pretend to despise and deride the rude Bursch.

We now traversed the leading street of the town, and soon gained the high road leading to Mannheim, which, however, we speedily quitted, striking into a cross road leading to a little village called Schwetzingen, about two or two and a half leagues from Mannheim; the procession seemed to be, as in truth it was, one of a party of men under the influence of the most riotous high spirits: song and laughter resounded on all sides, and those who had before had some temporary animosity, might be seen embracing each other with the true fervour of the fancied brotherhood existing amongst the students. The society of the Suabians, however, did not seem to manifest the same good feeling towards the common cause by which the others were animated; they proceeded in a body it is true with the rest, but though mingled amongst us, their bearing and manner drew as evident a line of demarcation as though they had openly opposed the undertaking in toto. This bad feeling did not fail to break out soon in open defection.

We arrived at Schwetzingen, after a walk of between two and three hours. This little village is remarkable for the beautiful park attached to the Sogenannte Lustshloss of the Grand Duke of Baden, the Lustshloss forming three sides of a rectangle, and strongly resembling the corn stores we see attached to a mill. The park, however, although situated in so retired a corner of the world as scarcely ever to be even heard of by any of the myriads of English who daily run through this part of Germany, is one of the prettiest things of the kind I have seen in any part of the Continent; it is many acres in extent, very judiciously laid out, well wooded, and intersected in all directions by shady walks which are truly delicious in the heat of summer months; it is likewise adorned with a very handsome and extensive piece of water, the banks of which are beautifully wooded. In the centre of the park the exact

model of a Turkish mosque has been erected by the Grand Duke, at the expense of between twenty and thirty thousand florins: an architect having been previously sent to Turkey to take an exact plan from which it might be erected; to call it a model, indeed, does not give a fair idea of its extent, as it encloses a square of at least one hundred feet, having a proportionate elevation, with lofty minarets from which a most extensive view is commanded, Spirens, Mannheim, and Worms, being plainly seen; the walls are covered with arabic inscriptions from the Koran, with German translations beneath; one in particular struck me, from its terseness and from the conviction I had how great would be its utility could it but assume the authority of holy writ with certain component parts of our domestic circles in christian Europe, the German was as follows, for I think it would savour of pedantry to give it in the original Arabic:

Reden ist Silber, Schweigen ist Gold.—

I need hardly tell you that Schwetzingen is a favourite resort of the students in summer, and it has consequently a number of hotels and bierhauser quite disproportionate to the size of the place. Here we stopped to breakfast, I need not entertain you with an account of our breakfasting upon raw eggs, raw ham, and beer, although this might appear strange to the uninitiated it would not have the charm of novelty to you. This sudden influx of the university, en masse, astonished the good people of Schwetzingen not a little, and profiting by their simplicity the wits amongst us, soi disant and otherwise, took the opportunity of spreading the most extravagant reports to account for the phenomenon; some said we were going to fight against the Turks, whose contest with the Russians then excited universal interest; others hinted that we were on our way to join an army destined to take part in an approaching struggle with France, which they were gravely assured was near at hand, and the good people's geographical knowledge was by no means extensive enough to detect the incongruity of these stories. A serious question now arose as to where we should direct our steps, and here some difference of opinion was manifested; the great object was to leave the Duchy of Baden as soon as possible; we had received intelligence that an express had been sent to Mannheim for a regiment of dragoons, but of whose destination we were ignorant as yet, not knowing whether they were intended merely to preserve the tranquillity of Heidelberg or to compel us to return thither, which might have been done on the pretext of our being without passports; although such a measure would have been useless, as it would only have compelled us to remain until our passports were delivered, which could not have been refused—the second consideration was, to go to some town which would afford accommodation for so large a number, and, at the same time, sufficiently remote from Heidelberg, to indicate a determination on our part not to return, unless our grievances were promptly redressed.

The disaffection of the Suabes now openly manifested itself: they declared their intention to remain at Schwetzingen. This was, of course, considered by the others as deserting the cause, and a separation immediately took place. The Suabes (in number about eighty) were accordingly left to themselves, and we proceeded to a flying bridge over the Rhine,

hardly an English mile from Schwetzingen, on crossing which we found ourselves in Rhenish Bavaria. Although I had many a time and oft repaired to the Rheinbäyerra, with a party of students, to get cheap wine, yet I was quite unprepared for the kind of country in which I now found myself. In all my former trips we had naturally preferred the high road; and passing the Rhine at Mannheim by the bridge of boats, found at the opposite side of the river a country low and marshy, it is true, but still open, and traversed by excellent leading roads; here, however, on approaching the opposite bank on the floating bridge, on which forty or fifty of us passed at a time, we saw opposite us thickly wooded banks, with an opening of some hundred yards where the bridge came to the shore; but still nothing that indicated a road, or indeed a tolerable footpath through the swampy flat that lay before us, and which indeed seemed to be nearly impassable, from the thickness of the underwood with which it was covered—the nature of this underwood also, consisting of willow, alder, and other moisture-loving trees, shewed that we would have no pleasant task in traversing the two or three leagues which, we knew, lay before us, before we could hope to come on a post road—in effect, nothing could be more dismal than the country through which we now passed, a path, barely sufficient to allow the long narrow country cars to pass, lay through a wood, so thick at either side as to render divergence in any direction almost impracticable—being in many places so thickly matted as to be, in truth, more impassable than a stone wall; the path was in general ankle deep in water, so spongy was the ground. In order to render the route passable for the carts employed in drawing the firewood, a device had been put in practice, which I had often heard of, but had never before seen—the trunks of trees had been laid transversely close together, so as to form a road way; and as these were in many places decayed, and in others replaced by new ones, which were very slippery, much merriment was at times excited by the grievous capsize sustained by the more incautious amongst us; and, truth to tell, what with the consumption of wine and beer at breakfast, and the application to the schnaps flasks, both antecedently and subsequently thereto, many were in a state by no means favourable to rectilinear progression.

Having at length gained the post road, we proceeded to Frankenthal, where we arrived late in the evening. The first care of the more knowing amongst us was to secure beds; and I reckoned myself fortunate in being one of fourteen or fifteen of various nations, tongues and people, who occupied a deserted billiard-room in a melancholy-looking, straggling, ruinous hotel, at the outskirts of the town: as to the beds, horresco referens—nothing but a walk of forty miles could have proved provocation sufficient to sleep in, or rather upon them. Next day a general council was held, at which a series of the most spirited resolutions were proposed and carried by acclamation; and an ambassador deputed by the senate of Heidelberg, with overtures of pacification, was refused an audience, it being considered beneath our dignity to treat with a lesser functionary than a professor. This difficulty had been foreseen and provided against by the senate, and the venerable Thibaut, Professor of Law, who had remained at a village a few miles dis-

tant, soon arrived, fully empowered to sign a definitive treaty of peace.

I shall not trouble you with a detail of the negotiations. Suffice it to say that the Landsmannschaft acceded to the terms offered, while the Burschenschaft obstinately rejected every overture towards an accommodation; and after several stormy debates, the Landsmannschaft returned in a body to Heidelberg—the Burschenschaft having, previously to their departure, pronounced the university to be in *verschiess*, in virtue of which law no true Bursch could study at Heidelberg for the ensuing three years. I being a member of the Saxo-Prussian re-union, of course returned to Heidelberg, where, however, I did not remain long—for being, perhaps unfortunately, a lover of variety and change, I set out in a few days for Vienna, wishing to contrast that well-policed and aristocratic capital with the almost licentious freedom of a university in other parts of the confederation.

ANECDOTES OF THE FRENCH EMIGRÉS.

(Communicated by a lady.)

Then take it, Sir, as it is writ,
To pay respect, and not show wit.

PARON.

Before the Revolution the French were characterized not only by the great urbanity of their manners, but by a degree of courtliness perhaps unsuited to every-day occasions, and the poor wretches who spent their miserable days in soliciting alms “pour l’amour de Dieu,” and passed their still more miserable nights under the “starry canopy of heaven,” were just as much Monsieur and Madame as the opulent inhabitants of splendid saloons, and *miroir’d beds*. “Ne vous dérangez pas Madame,” said a polite *décrotteur* de souliers to a great fat, rotund woman, who was washing herself, sans cérémonie, at the Fontaine des Innocentes, one very warm morning in May, “je viens seulement demander des nouvelles de monsieur votre mari;” the said mari, as the answer explained, being then in prison; “Bon,” replied the lady, without remitting her occupation, “le pauvre cher homme; je crois qu’il sera guillotiné! et bien monsieur Grosgens, si cela arrive tu seras mon second.” Connubial constancy has never been lauded in France at any period, but where this fails the national characteristic is not forgotten, and the shoeblack saluted each newly washed cheek of this woman of *substance*, in joyful anticipation of very soon possessing several hundred francs, that she had saved by her industry and a close attendance at her fruit stall, in the *marché*, which, to do the fat woman justice, was always very nicely set out with tempting fruit as shining as her own circular physiognomy.

This polite faculty, however, was not only indigenous to the soil of France, but so epidemic that even strangers quickly caught the true spirit of a Parisian court; at the conclusion of the eighteenth century Madame de la Forêt, though a native of Geneva, had passed part of her life in France and had even held a situation of some importance in the palace of the Tuilleries at the period when the fascination of the most lovely and ill-fated queen was at the height of its short lived glory—“Mais nous avons changé tout cela,” said the Frenchman, and he said truly, and in consequence of this change Madame de la Forêt came to London; she was singularly ugly, but the reputation of

her wit, learning, and merit, had preceded her arrival, and already gained her a distinguished place in the best society; a little learning goes a great way when it is skilfully blended with compliment, and Madame de la Forêt was pronounced the most agreeable and the cleverest woman in town: what pleased in Paris, would certainly please in London, and she lost not a single opportunity of making a witty repartee however far fetched or inapplicable it might be; thus it happened on one occasion at a house where a small party of ladies had passed the evening together, on the announcement of supper, *for people supped in these days*, a simultaneous fall back of all the ladies, at once proclaimed whom they considered entitled to take precedence, when Madame de la Forêt, performing a sort of revolving movement round a very quiet, simple, ordinary, good sort of woman who happened to be near her, exclaimed in the fullness of her learning, and her politesse, “ah Madame, je suis votre *Satellite*!”

Madame de la Forêt has, however, taken precedence, as was most proper considering she was a lady and a Foreigner, of an old gentleman, the characteristics of whose country and himself are portrayed in the following anecdote, which was related as genuine, and may not inaptly find a place here, for Monsieur vaut bien Madame.

Among the many thousands who sought an asylum in this country, from scenes of bloodshed and horror which disgraced their own at the beginning of the French Revolution, was Monsieur de Blondel, an amiable old man of the *vieille cour*; his hereditary possessions had excited the cupidity of the ‘dogs in office’ during this reign of terror, and his known attachment to his king, provided a pretence for committing him to prison; but his benevolent disposition had long since secured him a friend in the person of one of these very miscreants who planned the confiscation of his estates, and he resolved to save his old master’s life, by a timely warning of his danger. Monsieur de Blondel escaped and arrived happily in London; but how was he to provide for his existence there? he had had no time to collect any considerable sum, and of what he had brought over, very little remained—it was an awful lesson to the great of the land, when Princes of the blood royal of France, supported themselves by giving lessons to the offspring of every grade in England, and a proud day to our country which fostered and supported those who have (however uncharitably) been stiled its “natural enemies.”

Music, dancing, and drawing, had been severally taught by the expatriated sons of France, and the profits derived from these exertions, added to the allowance made them by our government, enabled many of the emigrants to live comfortably. Monsieur de Blondel, who had received an excellent classical education, undertook to teach his own language grammatically, and he obtained the situation of French master at Eton, in 1792. In the exercise of his vocation, the poor man stood in great need of all the forbearance, urbanity, and politesse, which used to distinguish his nation, for not a day passed, that some practical joke was not played off upon “Mounsheer,” by the idle and impudent boys, whom it was his misfortune to instruct; one would fix a label on his back, full of absurd rhymes, which every body but himself understood and laughed at, another painted

a tricoloured cockade, gaudy and disgraceful emblem of the power which destroyed his country, and stuck it in his hat, then all his aristocracy was roused, and he vented his rage in impotent and unintelligible oaths; it would be endless to continue the catalogue of this poor man’s miseries, and all he endured from these petty tyrants, on whom his patient, saint-like expostulations, *mes braves jeunes gens je vous conjure, mes chers Enfants, “je vous supplie mes bons petits messieurs”* had the effect to encrease rather than repress their malice! At last, a book, valuable to him from the many and tender reminiscences of much loved but long lost friends which it contained, was one day taken up from his table during a lesson, by one of his most daring tormentors, and before the horror stricken Frenchman could reach it, the devouring element sent forth an encreased bright flame, and the ashes of his dearest treasure were all that remained.

Tho’ every joy is fled below,
What future grief could touch him more.

BYRON.

Human endurance could forbear no further—he screamed rather than spoke as follows, still blending a degree of courtliness with the extremity of his grief:—“Young gentlemen! e vil tell you van ting! if God Almighty were to say to me, Monsieur de Blondel, vil you *teech* de young gentlemen of Eton la langue Française, or vil you be d...d? e would say, me goode God, if it be de vere same ting to you, e had moche raser be d...d!”

ROYAL DUBLIN SOCIETY.

At a meeting of this Society on the 10th inst. Mr Bryan presented the following report from the Committee of Agriculture and Planting:—“The Committee of Agriculture and Planting report, that they conceive it would be highly desirable to ascertain, in a more correct manner than appears to have been done hitherto, the respective values, as manures, of the following substances:—1st. Of salt, applied to lands under tillage, pasture, and meadows; in what its efficacy consists, and in what quantity it should be applied. 2dly. The like of seaweeds, or sea-wrack. 3dly. The like of kelp. 4thly. The comparative value of sea-weeds and kelp. 5thly. The like of chloride, or oxymuriate of lime. 6thly. The like of salt and lime together. Your Committee recommend that a series of experiments be instituted under the authority, and upon the premises of the society; and that the same be conducted under the direction of the Committee of Agriculture and Planting, with the advice and assistance of the Professors of Chemistry and Botany.

“Your Committee further beg leave to report that they have minutely inspected the stable offices belonging to this house, with a view to their partial occupation as a repository of approved agricultural implements, or models thereof; and they are of opinion that one half of these offices will be sufficient, and well adapted for the purpose, when properly cleaned and repaired.”

The experiment of charging for the lectures has not, hitherto, succeeded. The natural philosophy class has been miserably small, indeed we believe the members themselves of the society never anticipated a very favourable result from this measure, which was forced upon them by the parliamentary commissioners of inquiry.